J. Roberts del. Published for Bells British Theatre 1797. Thornthwaite Sculp.

Mr. VERNON in the Character of MACKHEATH

If thus a Man can Duel,
Much bolder with Brandy.

THE

BEGGAR's OPERA.

BY

JOHN GAY.

AS PERFORMED

AT THE

Theatres Royal.

Regulated from the PROMPT-BOOKS.

——Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

MART.

LONDON:

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INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR, PLAYER.

BEGGAR.

IF poverty be a title to poetry, I am ſure nobody can diſpute mine. I own myſelf of the company of Beggars; and I make one at their weekly feſtivals at St. *Giles*'s. I have a ſmall yearly ſalary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I pleaſe, which is more than moſt poets can ſay.

Player. As we live by the Muſes, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it.—The Muſes, contrary to all other ladies, pay no diſtinction to dreſs, and never partially miſtake the pertneſs of embroidery for wit, nor the modeſty of want for dullneſs. Be the author who he will, we puſh his play as far as it will go. So (though you are in want) I wiſh you ſucceſs heartily.

Beggar. This piece I own was originally wrote for the celebrating the marriage of *James Chaſer* and *Moll Lay*, two moſt excellent ballad-ſingers. I have introduced the ſimilies that are in all your celebrated Operas: The *Swallow*, the *Moth*, the *Bee*, the *Ship*, the *Flower*, &c. Beſides, I have a priſon ſcene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have obſerved ſuch a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impoſſible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven, that I have not made my Opera, throughout unnatural, like thoſe in vogue; for I have no recitative, excepting this; as I have conſented to have neither Prologue nor Epilogue, it muſt be allowed an Opera in all its forms. The piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently repreſented by ourſelves in our great room at St. *Giles*'s, ſo that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the ſtage.

Player. But I ſee it is time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin. Play away the overture.

[*Exeunt.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

		Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.
Peachum,		Mr. *Moody*,	Mr. *Ryder*.
Lockit,		Mr. *Fawcett*.	Mr. *Cubitt*.
Macheath,		Mr. *Kelly*.	Mr. *Banniſter*.
Filch,		Mr. *Suett*.	Mr. *Blanchard*.
Jemmy Twitcher,	Macheath's *Gang*.		
Crookfinger'd Jack			
Wat Dreary,			
Robin of Bagſhot,			
Nimming Ned,			
Harry Paddington,			
Mat o'the Mint,		Mr. *Williames*.	Mr. *Darley*.
Ben Budge,		Mr. *Burton*.	Mr. *Rock*.
Beggar,		Mr. *Maddocks*.	
Player,		Mr. *Benſon*.	

Conſtables, Drawer, Turnkey, &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Peachum,		Mrs. *Hopkins*.	Mrs. *Webb*.
Polly Peachum,		Mrs. *Crouch*.	Mrs. *Billington*.
Lucy Lockit,		Mrs. *Edwards*	Mrs. *Martyr*.
Diana Trapes,		Mrs. *Booth*.	
Mrs. Coaxer,	*Women of the Town*.		
Dolly Trull,			
Mrs. Vixen,			
Betty Doxy,			
Jenny Diver,		Miſs *Barnes*.	Miſs *Stuart*.
Mrs. Slammerkin,			
Sukey Tawdry,			
Molly Brazen,			

THE

BEGGAR's OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE, Peachum's *Houſe.*

Peachum *ſitting at a table with a large book of accounts before him.*

AIR I. 'An old woman cloathed in Grey.'

THRO' all the employments of life
Each neighbour abuſes his brother;
Whore and rogue they call huſband and wife:
All profeſſions berogue one another.
The prieſt calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknaves the divine;
And the ſtateſman, becauſe he's ſo great,
Thinks his trade as honeſt as mine.

A lawyer is an honeſt employment, ſo is mine. Like me too he acts in a double capacity, both againſt rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we ſhould protect and encourage cheats, ſince we live by 'em.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Sir, *Black Moll* has ſent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and ſhe hopes you will order matters ſo as to bring her off.

Peach. Why, ſhe may plead her belly at worſt; to my knowledge ſhe hath taken care of that ſecurity. But as the wench is very active and induſtrious, you may ſatisfy her that I will ſoften the evidence.

Filch. Tom Gagg, ſir, is found guilty.

Peach.

Peach. A lazy dog! when I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his hand. This is death without reprieve. I may venture to book him: [*writes.*] for *Tom Gagg*, forty pounds.—Let *Betty Sly* know that I'll ſave her from tranſportation, for I can get more by her ſtaying in *England*.

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods into our Lock this year than any five of our gang; and, in truth, 'tis pity to loſe ſo good a cuſtomer.

Peach. If none of the gang takes her off, ſhe may, in the common courſe of buſineſs, live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let women 'ſcape. A good ſportſman always lets the hen partidges fly, becauſe the breed of the game depends upon them. Beſides, here the law allows us no reward: there is nothing to be got by the death of a woman——except our wives.

Filch. Without diſpute, ſhe is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education, (to ſay a bold word) ſhe hath trained up more young fellows to the buſineſs than the gaming-table.

Peach. Truly, *Filch*, thy obſervation is right. We and the ſurgeons are more beholden to women, than all the profeſſions beſides.

AIR II. 'The bonny grey-ey'd morn, &c.'

Filch. *'Tis woman that ſeduces all mankind,*
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat; when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves, by night we roam for prey,
And practiſe ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For ſuits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty muſt be fed into our arms.

Peach. But make haſte to *Newgate*, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them eaſy one way or other.

Filch. When a gentleman is long kept in ſuſpenſe, penitence may break his ſpirits ever after. Beſides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him riſque another without fear or ſcruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a pleaſure to be the meſſenger of comfort to friends in affliction. [*Exit.*

Peach. But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent execution againſt next ſeſſion. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hang'd. A regiſter of the gang. [*Reading.*] *Crook-finger'd Jack.* A year and a half in the ſervice. Let me ſee how much the ſtock owes to his induſtry; one, two, three, four, five gold watches, and ſeven ſilver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! Sixteen ſnuff-boxes, five of them of true gold. Six dozen of handkerchiefs, four ſilver-hilted ſwords, half a dozen ſhirts, three tye-perriwigs, and a piece of broad-cloth. Conſidering theſe are only the fruits of his leiſure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more engaging preſence of mind upon the road.—*Wat Dreary*, alias *Brown Will*, an irregular dog, who hath an underhand way of diſpoſing of his goods. I'll try him only for a ſeſſions or two longer upon his good behaviour.—*Harry Paddington*, a poor petty-larceny raſcal, without the leaſt genius; that fellow, though he were to live for ſix months, will never come to the gallows with any credit.—*Slippery Sam;* he goes off the next ſeſſions, for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a taylor, which he calls an honeſt employment.—*Mat of the Mint*, liſted not above a month ago, a promiſing ſturdy fellow, and diligent in his way; ſomewhat too bold and haſty, and may raiſe good contributions on the public, if he does not cut himſelf ſhort by murder.—*Tom Tipple*, a guzzling ſoaking ſot, who is always too drunk to ſtand himſelf, or to make others ſtand. A cart is abſolutely neceſſary for him.—*Robin of Bagſhot*, alias *Gorgon*, alias *Bluff Bob*, alias *Carbuncle*, alias *Bob Booty*.

Enter Mrs. PEACHUM.

Mrs. Peach. What of *Bob Booty*, huſband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear, he's a favourite cuſtomer of mine. 'Twas he made me a preſent of this ring.

Peach. I have ſet his name down in the black liſt, that's all, my dear; he ſpends his life among women, and as ſoon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there is forty pounds loſt to us for ever.

Mrs.

Mrs. Peach. You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave thoſe affairs to you, Women indeed are bitter bad judges in theſe caſes, for they are ſo partial to the brave, that they think every man handſome who is going to the camp or the gallows.

AIR III. 'Cold and raw, &c.'

If any wench Venus's *girdle wear,*
Tho' ſhe be never ſo ugly,
Lilies and roſes will quickly appear,
And her face look wondrous ſmugly.
Beneath the left ear, ſo fit but a cord,
(A rope ſo charming a zone is!)
The youth in the cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry, There dies an Adonis!

But really, huſband, you ſhould not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver ſet of men than at preſent. We have not had a murder among them all, theſe ſeven months. And truly, my dear, that is a great bleſſing.

Peach. What a dickens is the woman always a whimpering about murder for! No gentleman is ever look'd upon the worſe for killing a man in his own defence; and if buſineſs cannot be carried on withour it, what would you have a gentleman do?

Mrs. Peach. If I am in the wrong, my dear, you muſt excuſe me, for nobody can help the frailty of an over-ſcrupulous conſcience.

Peach. Murder is as faſhionable a crime as a man can be guilty of. How many fine gentlemen have we in *Newgate* every year, purely upon that article? If they have wherewithal to perſuade the jury to bring it in manſlaughter, what are they the worſe for it? So, my dear, have done upon this ſubject. Was captain *Macheath* here this morning for the bank notes he left with you laſt week?

Mrs. Peach. Yes, my dear; and though the Bank hath ſtopt payment, he was ſo chearful and ſo agreeable! Sure there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the captain! If he comes from *Bagſhot* at any reaſonable hour he hath promiſed to make one this evening with *Polly*, me, and *Bob Booty*, at a party of quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the captain rich?

Peach.

Peach. The captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. *Marybone* and the chocolate-houſes are his undoing. The man that propoſes to get money by play, ſhould have the education of a fine gentleman, and be train'd up to it from his youth.

Mrs. Peach. Really I am ſorry upon *Polly*'s account the captain hath not more diſcretion. What buſineſs hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he ſhould leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon *Polly*'s account! What, a plague, does the woman mean?—Upon *Polly*'s account!

Mrs. Peach. Captain *Macheath* is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. Peach. If I have any ſkill in the ways of women, I am ſure *Polly* thinks him a very pretty man.

Peach. And what then? you would not be ſo mad to have the wench marry him? Gameſters and highwaymen are generally very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. Peach. But if *Polly* ſhould be in love, how ſhould we help her, or how can ſhe help herſelf? Poor girl, I'm in the utmoſt concern about her.

AIR. IV. "Why is your faithful ſlave diſdain'd?"

If love the virgin's heart invade,
How like a moth, the ſimple maid
Still plays about the flame!
If ſoon ſhe be not made a wife,
Her honour's ſing'd, and then for life,
She's—what I dare not name.

Peach. Look ye, wife. A handſome wanch in our way of buſineſs, is as profitable as at the bar of a *Temple* coffee-houſe, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every liberty but one. You ſee I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can, in any thing but marriage! After that, my dear, how ſhould we be ſafe? are we not then in her huſband's power? for the huſband hath the abſolute power over all his wife's ſecrets, but her own. If the girl had the diſcretion of a court lady, who can have a dozen young fellows at her ear, without complying with one, I ſhould not matter it: but *Polly* is tinder, and a ſpark will at once ſet her on a flame. Married!

If

If the wench does not know her own profit, ſure ſhe knows her own pleaſure better than to make herſelf a property! My daughter to me ſhould be like a court lady to a miniſter of ſtate, a key to the whole gang. Married! If the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs Peach. May-hap, my dear, you may injure the girl. She loves to imitate the fine ladies, and ſhe may only allow the captain liberties in the view of intereſt.

Peach. But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl againſt her ruin, and to inſtruct her how to make the moſt of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and ſift her. In the mean time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of theſe dozen of cambrick handkerchiefs, for I can diſpoſe of them this afternoon to a chap in the city. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Peach. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument, than my huſband! Why muſt our *Polly*, forſooth differ from her ſex, and love only her huſband? And why muſt our *Polly*'s marriage, contrary to all obſervation, make her the leſs followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

AIR. V. 'Of all the ſimple things we do, &c.'

A maid is like the golden ore,
Which hath guineas intrinſical in't,
Whoſe worth is never known, before
It is try'd and impreſt in the mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold,
Stamp'd with the name of her ſpouſe;
Now here, now there; is bought, or is ſold,
And is current in every houſe.

Enter FILCH.

Mrs. Peach. Come hither, *Filch*; I am as fond of this child as though mind miſgive me he was my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and and is as nimble-finger'd as a juggler. If an unlucky ſeſſions does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in hiſtory. Where was your poſt laſt night, my boy?

Filch. I ply'd at the Opera, madam; and conſidering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, ſo that there was no great hurry

hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. Theſe ſeven handkerchiefs, madam.

Mrs. Peach. Colour'd ones, I ſee. They are of ſure ſale from our warehouſe at *Redriff* among the ſeamen.

Filch. And this ſnuff-box.

Mrs. Peach. Set in gold! A pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the taylors for making the fobs ſo deep and narrow! It ſtuck by the way, and I was forc'd to make my eſcape under a coach. Really, madam, I fear I ſhall be cut off in the flower of my youth, ſo that every now and then, (ſince I was pumpt) I have a thought of taking up and going to ſea.

Mrs. Peach. You ſhould go to *Hockley-in-the-Hole*, and to *Marybone*, child, to learn valour. Theſe are the ſchools that have bred ſo many brave men. I thought, boy, by this time, thou hadſt loſt fear as well as ſhame. Poor lad! how little does he know yet of the *Old Bailey!* For the firſt fact I'll inſure thee from being hang'd; and going to ſea, *Filch*, will come time enough upon a ſentence of tranſportation. But now, ſince you have nothing better to do, e'en go to your book, and learn your catechiſm; for really a man makes but an ill figure in the Ordinary's paper, who cannot give a ſatisfactory anſwer to his queſtions. But, hark you, my lad, don't tell me a lye; for you know I hate a lyar. Do you know any thing that hath paſt between captain *Macheath* and our *Polly?*

Filch. I beg you, madam, don't aſk me; for I muſt either tell a lye to you or to miſs *Polly*; for I promis'd her I would not tell.

Mrs. Peach. But when the honour of our family is concern'd.———

Filch. I ſhall lead a ſad life with miſs *Polly*, if ever ſhe comes to know I told you. Beſides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying any body.

Mrs. Peach. Yonder comes my huſband and *Polly*.—Come, *Filch*, you ſhall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole ſtory. I'll give thee a glaſs of a moſt delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PEACHUM *and* POLLY.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the moſt of myſelf and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though ſhe hath never been in a court or at an aſſembly. We have it in our natures, papa. If I allow captain *Macheath* ſome trifling liberties, I have this watch and other viſible marks of his favour to ſhew for it. A girl who cannot grant ſome things, and refuſe what is the moſt material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and ſoon be thrown upon the common.

AIR VI. 'What ſhall I do to ſhew how much I love her?'

Virgins are like the fair flower in its luſtre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground!
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluſter,
And gaudy butterflies frolick around.
But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-Garden *'tis ſent, (as yet ſweet)*
There fades, and ſhrinks, and grows paſt all enduring,
Rots, ſtinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Peach. You know, *Polly*, I am not againſt your toying and trifling with a cuſtomer in the way of buſineſs, or to get out a ſecret, or ſo. But if I find out that you have play'd the fool and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, huſſy. Now you know my mind.

Enter Mrs. PEACHUM.

AIR VII. 'O London is a fine town.'

Mrs. Peachum, [*in a very great paſſion.*]

Our Polly *is a ſad ſlut! nor heeds what we have taught her,*
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
For ſhe muſt have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to ſwell her pride,
With ſcarfs and ſtays, and gloves and lace; and ſhe will have men beſide.
And when ſhe's dreſt with care and coſt, all-tempting, fine and gay,
As man would ſerve a cucumber, ſhe flings herſelf away.

You baggage! you huſſy! you inconſiderate jade! had you been hang'd, it would not have vex'd me, for that might

might have been your misfortune; but to do ſuch a mad thing by choice! The wench is married, huſband.

Peach. Married! the captain is a bold man, and will riſque any thing for money; to be ſure he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I ſhould have liv'd ſo comfortably ſo long together, if ever we had been married, Baggage?

Mrs. Peach. I knew ſhe was always a proud ſlut; and now the wench has play'd the fool and married, becauſe forſooth ſhe would do like the gentry. Can you ſupport the expence of a huſband, huſſy, in gaming, drinking, and whoring? have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife, about who ſhall ſquander moſt? There are not many huſbands and wives who can bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handſome way. If you muſt be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman? Why, thou fooliſh jade, thou wilt be as ill us'd, and as much neglected, as if thou hadſt married a lord!

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency, for the captain looks upon himſelf in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profeſſion. Beſides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting, or of dying: and both theſe ways, let me tell you, are moſt excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, huſſy, are you ruin'd, or no?

Mrs. Peach. With *Polly*'s fortune, ſhe might very well have gone off to a perſon of diſtinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting ſlut!

Peach. What, is the wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by ſqueezing out an anſwer from you.—Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking? [*Pinches her.*

Polly. Oh! [*Screaming.*

Mrs. Peach. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handſome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality are nothing to them: they break through them all. They have as much pleaſure in cheating a father and mother, as in cheating at cards.

Peach. Why *Polly*, I ſhall ſoon know if you are married, by *Macheath*'s keeping from our houſe.

AIR VIII. 'Grim king of the ghoſts, &c.'

Polly. *Can love be controul'd by advice?*
Will Cupid our mothers obey?
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.
When he kiſs'd me, ſo cloſely he preſt,
'Twas ſo ſweet, that I muſt have comply'd;
So I thought it both ſafeſt and beſt
To marry, for fear you ſhould chide.

Mrs. Peach. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And *Macheath* may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the faſhion) coolly and deliberately for honour or money. But I love him.

Mrs. Peach. Love him! worſe and worſe! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh huſband, huſband! her folly makes me mad! my head ſwims! I'm diſtracted! I can't ſupport myſelf——Oh! [*Faints.*

Peach. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! a glaſs of cordial, this inſtant. How the poor woman takes it to heart!—[Polly *goes and returns with it.*]—Ah, huſſy, this is the only comfort your mother has left.

Polly. Give her another glaſs, ſir; my mama drinks double the quantity when ſhe is out of order. This, you ſee, fetches her.

Mrs. Peach. The girl ſhews ſuch a readineſs, and ſo much concern, that I could almoſt find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR IX. '*O Jenny, O Jeury*, where haſt thou been.'

O Polly *you might have toy'd and kiſs'd,*
By keeping men off, you keep them on.
Polly. *But he ſo teaz'd me,*
And he ſo pleas'd me,
What I did you muſt have done.

Mrs. Peach. Not with a highwayman—you ſorry ſlut!

Peach. A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take a man without conſent of parents.—You know 'tis the frailty of women, my dear.

Mrs.

Mrs. Peach. Yes, indeed, the ſex is frail. But the firſt time a woman is frail, ſhe ſhould be ſomewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune. After that, ſhe hath nothing to do but to guard herſelf from being found out, and ſhe may do what ſhe pleaſes.

Peach. Make yourſelf a little eaſy; I have a thought ſhall ſoon ſet all matters again to rights. Why ſo melancholy *Polly?* ſince what is done cannot be undone, we muſt all endeavour to make the beſt of it.

Mrs. Peach. Well, *Polly*; as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee.—Your father is too fond of you, huſſy.

Polly. Then all my ſorrows are at an end.

Mrs. Peach. A mighty likely ſpeech, in troth, for a wench who is juſt married!

AIR X. *Thomas,* I cannot, &c.

Polly. *I; like a ſhip in ſtorms was toſt;*
Yet afraid to put into land;
For ſeiz'd in the port the veſſel's loſt,
Whoſe treaſure is contraband.
The waves are laid,
My duty's paid,
O joy beyond expreſſion!
Thus, ſafe aſhore,
I aſk no more,
My all is in my poſſeſſion.

Peach. I hear cuſtomers in t'other room; go, talk with 'em, *Polly*; but come to us again, as ſoon as they are gone—But, hark ye, child, if 'tis the gentleman who was here yeſterday about the repeating watch, ſay, you believe we can't get intelligence of it 'till to-morrow.—For I lent it to *Sukey Straddle*, to make a figure with to-night, at a tavern in *Drury-Lane.* If t'other gentleman calls for his ſilver-hilted ſword, you know *Beetle-brow'd Jemmy* hath it on, and he doth not come from *Tunbridge* till *Tueſday* night; ſo that it cannot be had till then.—[*Exit* Polly]—Dear wife, be a little pacified. Don't let your paſſion run away with your ſenſes. *Polly*, I grant you, hath done a raſh thing.

Mrs. Peach. If ſhe had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very beſt families have excuſed and hud-

dled up a frailty of that ſort. 'Tis marriage, huſband, that makes it a blemiſh.

Peach. But money, wife, is the true fuller's-earth for reputations, there is not a ſpot or ſtain but what it can take out. A rich rogue now-a-days, is fit company for any gentleman; and the world, my dear, hath not ſuch a contempt for roguery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to advantage.

Mrs. Peach. I am very ſenſible, huſband, that captain *Macheath* is worth money, but I am in doubt, whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then, if he ſhould die in a ſeſſion or two, *Polly*'s dower would come into diſpute.

Peach. That, indeed, is a point which ought to be conſider'd.

AIR XI. 'A ſoldier and a ſailor.'

A fox may ſteal your hens, ſir,
A whore your health and pence, ſir,
Your daughter rob your cheſt, ſir,
Your wife may ſteal your reſt, ſir,
A thief your goods and plate.
But this is all but picking,
With reſt, pence, cheſt, and chicken;
It ever was decreed, ſir,
If lawyer's hand is feed, ſir,
He ſteals your whole eſtate.

The lawyers are bitter enemies to thoſe in our way, They don't care that any body ſhould get a clandeſtine livelihood but themſelves.

Enter Polly.

Polly. 'Twas only *Nimming Ned.* He brought in a damaſk window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of ſilver candleſticks, a perriwig, and one ſilk ſtocking, from the fire that happen'd laſt night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and ſaves more goods out of the fire than *Ned.* But now, *Polly*, to your affair; for matters muſt not be left as they are. You are married then, it ſeems?

Polly. Yes, ſir.

Peach. And how do you propoſe to live, child?

Polly.

Polly. Like other women, ſir, upon the induſtry of my huſband.

Mrs. Peach. What, is the wench turn'd fool. A highwayman's wife, like a ſoldier's, hath as little of his pay as his company.

Peach. And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, *Polly?*

Polly. I don't know what you mean, ſir.

Peach. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

Polly. But I love him, ſir: how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! Why, that is the whole ſcheme and intention of all marriage-articles. The comfortable eſtate of widowhood is the only hopes that keeps up a wife's ſpirits. Where is the woman who would ſcruple to be a wife, if ſhe had it in her power to be a widow whenever ſhe pleas'd? If you have any views of this ſort, *Polly*, I ſhall think the match not ſo very unreaſonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your advice! Yet I muſt beg you to explain yourſelf.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next ſeſſions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

Polly. What, murder the man I love! The blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it.

Peach. Fye, *Polly!* what hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing ſooner or later muſt happen, I dare ſay, the captain himſelf would like that we ſhould get the reward for his death ſooner than a ſtranger. Why, *Polly*, the captain knows, that as 'tis his employment to rob, ſo 'tis our's to take robbers; every man in his buſineſs. So that there is no malice in the caſe.

Mrs. Peach. Ay, huſband, now you have nick'd the matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR XII. 'Now ponder well, ye parents dear.'

Polly. *Oh, ponder well! be not ſevere;*
To ſave a wretched wife;
For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's *life.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Peach. But your duty to your parents, huſſy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for ſuch an opportunity!

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood to me? I know my heart. I cannot ſurvive him.

AIR XIII. 'Le printemps rapelle aux armes.'

The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Her lover dying,
The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Laments her dove.
Down ſhe drops quite ſpent with ſighing,
Pair'd in death, as pair'd in love.

Thus, ſir, it will happen to your poor *Polly.*

Mrs. Peach. What, is the fool in love in earneſt then? I hate thee for being particular: Why, wench, thou art a ſhame to thy very ſex.

Polly. But hear me, mother.—If ever you lov'd——

Mrs. Peach. Thoſe curſed play-books ſhe reads have been her ruin. One word more, huſſy, and I ſhall knock your brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, *Polly*, for fear of miſchief, and conſider of what is propoſed to you.

Mrs. Peach. Away, huſſy, hang your huſband, and be dutiful. [Polly *liſtening.*] The thing, huſband, muſt and ſhall be done. For the ſake of intelligence we muſt take other meaſures, and have him peach'd the next ſeſſions without her conſent. If ſhe will not know her duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I conſider his perſonal bravery, his fine ſtratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get; methinks I can't find in my heart to have a hand in his death. I wiſh you could have made *Polly* undertake it.

Mrs. Peach. But in caſe of neceſſity—our own lives are in danger.

Peach. Then, indeed, we muſt comply with the cuſtoms of the world, and make gratitude give way to intereſt.—He ſhall be taken off.

Mrs. Peach. I'll undertake to manage *Polly.*

Peach. And I'll prepare matters for the *Old Bailey.*

[*Exeunt* Peachum *and Mrs.* Peachum.

Polly. Now I am a wretch, indeed——Methinks I ſee him already in the cart, ſweeter and more lovely than the noſegay in his hand! I hear the crowd extolling his reſolution and intrepidity!—What vollies of ſighs are ſent from the windows of *Holborn*, that ſo comely a youth ſhould be brought to diſgrace!——I ſee him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears! even butchers weep!—— *Jack Ketch* himſelf heſitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to loſe his fee by a reprieve. What then will become of *Polly!*—As yet, I may inform him of their deſign, and aid him in his eſcape.—It ſhall be ſo—But then he flies, abſents himſelf, and I bar myſelf from his dear, dear converſation! that too will diſtract me.—If he keeps out of the way, my papa and mama may in time relent, and we may be happy.—If he ſtays, he is hang'd, and then he is loſt for ever!—He intended to lie conceal'd in my room 'till the duſk of the evening: If they are abroad I'll this inſtant let him out, leſt ſome accident ſhould prevent him.

[*Exit, and returns with* Macheath.

AIR XIV. 'Pretty Parrot, ſay, &c.'

Mach. *Pretty* Polly, *ſay,*
When I was away,
Did your fancy never ſtray
To ſome newer lover?

Polly. *Without diſguiſe,*
Heaving ſighs,
Doating eyes,
My conſtant heart diſcover.

Mach. *Fondly let me loll!*
O pretty, pretty Poll.

Polly. And are you as fond as ever, my dear?

Mach. Suſpect my honuor, my courage, ſuſpect any thing but my love.—May my piſtols miſs fire, and my mare ſlip her ſhoulder when I am purſu'd, if I ever forſake thee!

Polly. Nay, my dear, I have no reaſon to doubt you, for I find in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were ever falſe in love.

AIR XV. 'Pray, fair one, be kind.'

Mach. *My heart was ſo free,*
It rov'd like a bee,

'Till

'Till Polly *my paſſion requited;*
I ſipt each flower,
I chang'd ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flower is united.

Polly. Were you ſentenced to tranſportation, ſure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you—could you?

Mach. Is there any power, any force that could tear my from thee? You might ſooner tear a penſion out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking-glaſs, or any woman from quadrille.—— but to tear thee from me is impoſſible!

AIR XVI. 'Over the hills and far away.'

Were I laid on Greenland's *coaſt,*
And in my arms embrac'd my laſs,
Warm amidſt eternal froſt,
Too ſoon the half year's night would paſs.
Polly. *Were I ſold on* Indian *ſoil,*
Soon as the burning day was cloſ'd,
I could mock the ſultry toil,
When on my charmer's breaſt repoſ'd.
Mach. *And I would love you all the day,*
Polly. *Every night would kiſs and play,*
Mach. *If with me you'd fondly ſtray*
Polly. *Over the hills and far away.*

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!—how ſhall I ſpeak it? I muſt be torn from thee. We muſt part.

Mach. How! part!

Polly. We muſt, we muſt. My papa and mama are ſet againſt thy life. They now, even now are in ſearch after thee. They are preparing evidence againſt thee.—Thy life depends upon a moment.

AIR XVII. 'Gin thou wert mine ane thing.'

O what pain it is to part!
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?
O what pain it is to part!
Can Polly *ever leave thee?*
But leſt death my love ſhould thwart,
And bring thee to the fatal cart,
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!
Fly hence and let me leave thee.
One kiſs, and then—one kiſs—begone—farewel.

Mach. My hand, my heart, my dear, is ſo rivetted to thine, that I cannot unlooſe my hold.

Polly. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I ſhould loſe the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy *Polly* hear from thee?

Mach. Muſt I then go?

Polly. And will not abſence change your love?

Mach. If you doubt it, let me ſtay—and be hang'd.

Polly. O how I fear, how I tremble!—Go—but when ſafety will give you leave, you will be ſure to ſee me again; for till then *Polly* is wretched.

AIR XVIII. 'O the broom, &c.'

Parting and looking back at each other with fondneſs; he at one door, ſhe at the other.

Mach. *The miſer thus a ſhilling ſees,*
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With ſigh reſigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

Polly. *The boy thus, when the ſparrow's flown,*
The bird in ſilence eyes;
But ſoon as out of ſight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, ſobs, and cries.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Tavern near* Newgate.

Jemmy Twitcher, Crook-finger'd Jack, Wat. Dreary, Robin of Bagſhot, Nimming Ned, Harry Paddington, Mat o' the Mint, Ben Budge, *and the reſt of the gang, at a table, with wine, brandy, and tobacco.*

BEN.

BUT pra'thee, *Matt*, what is become of thy brother *Tom?* I have not ſeen him ſince my return from tranſportation.

Mat.

Matt. Poor brother *Tom* had an accident this time twelvemonth; and ſo clever a made fellow he was, that I could not ſave him from thoſe fleaing raſcals the ſurgeons; and now, poor man, he is among the otamys at Surgeons-hall.

Ben. So it ſeems, his time was come.

Jem. But the preſent time is ours and nobody alive hath more. Why are the laws levell'd at us? Are we more diſhoneſt than the reſt of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the law of arms, and the right of conqueſt.

Crook. Where ſhall we find ſuch another ſet of practical philoſophers, who to a man are above the fear of death?

Wat. Sound men, and true!

Rob. Of try'd courage, and indefatigable induſtry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

Harry. Show me a gang of courtiers that can ſay as much.

Ben. We are for a juſt partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life.

Matt. We retrench the ſuperfluities of mankind. The world is avaritious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, ſteals what he was never made to enjoy, for the ſake of hiding it. Theſe are the robbers of mankind; for money was made for the freehearted and generous, and where is the injury of taking from another, what he hath not the heart to make uſe of?

Jem. Our ſeveral ſtations for the day are fix'd. Good luck attend us all. Fill the glaſſes.

AIR XIX. 'Fill ev'ry glaſs.'

Matt. *Fill ev'ry glaſs, for wine inſpires us,*
And fires us
With courage, love, and joy.
Women and wine ſhould life employ:
Is there aught elſe on earth deſirous?
Chorus. *Fill ev'ry glaſs,* &c.

To them enter MACHEATH.

Mach. Gentlemen, well met. My heart hath been with you this hour; but an unexpected affair hath detain'd me. No ceremony, I beg of you.

Matt.

Matt. We were juſt breaking up to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, ſir, this evening upon the *Heath?* I drink a dram now and then with the ſtage-coachmen, in the way of friendſhip and intelligence; and I know that about this time there will be paſſengers upon the weſtern road, who are worth ſpeaking with.

Mach. I was to have been of that party—but——.

Matt. But what, ſir!

Mach. Is there any man who ſuſpects my courage?

Matt We have been witneſſes of it.

Mach. My honour and truth to the gang?

Matt. I'll be anſwerable for it.

Mach. In the diviſion of our booty, have I ever ſhown the leaſt marks of avarice and injuſtice?

Matt. By theſe queſtions ſomething ſeems to have ruffled you. Are any of us ſuſpected?

Mach. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all, as men of honour, and as ſuch I value and reſpect you. *Peachum* is a man that is uſeful to us.

Matt. Is he about to ſhew us any foul play? I'll ſhoot him through the head.

Mach. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and diſcretion. A piſtol is your laſt reſource.

Matt. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mach. Buſineſs cannot go on without him.——He is a man that knows the world, and is a neceſſary agent to us. We have had a ſlight difference, and till it is accommodated, I ſhall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private diſpute of mine ſhall be of no ill conſequence to my friends. You muſt continue to act under his direction; for the moment we break looſe from him, our gang is ruined.

Matt. As a bawd to a whore, I grant you, he is to us of great convenience.

Mach. Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I'll continue to meet you. A week or ſo will probably reconcile us.

Matt. Your inſtructions ſhall be obſerved. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our ſeveral duties; ſo till

the evening, at our quarters in *Moorfields*, we bid you farewel.

Mach. I ſhall wiſh myſelf with you. Succeſs attend you. [*Sits down melancholy at the table.*

AIR XX. 'March in *Rinaldo*, with drums and trumpets.'

Matt. *Let us take the road.*
Hark! I hear the ſound of coaches!
The hour of attak approaches,
To your arms, brave boys, and load.
See the ball I hold!
Let the chemiſts toil like aſſes,
Our fire their fire ſurpaſſes,
And turns all our lead to gold.

[*The gang ranged in the front of the ſtage, and load their piſtols, and ſtick them under their girdles; then go off ſinging the firſt part in chorus.*

Mach. What a fool is a fond wench! *Polly* is moſt confoundedly bit.—I love the ſex: and a man who loves money, might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town perhaps hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us and the other gentlemen of the ſword, *Drury-Lane* would be uninhabited.

AIR XXI. 'Would you have a young virgin, &c.'

If the heart of a man is depreſt with cares,
The miſt is diſpell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, ſhe ſweetly, ſweetly
Raiſes the ſpirits and charms the ears.
Roſes and lilies her cheeks diſcloſe,
But her ripe lips are more ſweet than thoſe.
Preſs her,
Careſs her,
With bliſſes,
Her kiſſes
Diſſolve us in pleaſure, and ſoft repoſe.

I muſt have women. There is nothing unbends the mind like them. Money is not ſo ſtrong a cordial for the time

——*Drawer!*

——*Drawer!*—[*Enter* Drawer.]—Is the Porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Drawer. I expect him back every minute. But you know, ſir, you ſent him as far as *Hockley-in-the-Hole*, for three of the ladies, for one in *Vinegar-yard*, and for the reſt of them ſomewhere about *Lukener's-Lane*. Sure ſome of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come in I will ſhew them up. Coming, coming.

Enter Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, *Mrs.* Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, *Mrs.* Slammerkin, Suky Tawdry, *and* Molly Brazen.

Mach. Dear Mrs. *Coaxer*, you are welcome: you look charmingly to-day. I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint.——*Dolly Trull!* kiſs me, you ſlut; are you as amorous as ever, huſſy? You are always ſo taken up with ſtealing hearts, that you don't allow yourſelf time to ſteal any thing elſe.—Ah, *Dolly*, thou wilt ever be a coquette!——Mrs. *Vixen*, I'm yours, I always lov'd a woman of wit and ſpirit; they make charming miſtreſſes, but plaguey wives. *Betty Doxy!* come hither, huſſy: do you drink as hard as ever? you had better ſtick to good wholeſome beer; for in troth, *Betty*, ſtrong waters will in time ruin your conſtitution: you ſhould leave them to your betters.—What! and my pretty *Jenny Diver* too! as prim and demure as ever! There is no prude, though ever ſo high bred, hath a more ſanctify'd look, with a more miſchievous heart: ah! thou art a dear artful hypocrite——Mrs. *Slammerkin!* as careleſs and genteel as ever! all you fine ladies, who know your beauty, affect undreſs.——But ſee, here's *Sukey Tawdry* come to contradict what I was ſaying: every thing ſhe gets one way, ſhe lays out upon her back. Why, *Sukey*, you muſt keep at leaſt a dozen tally-men.——*Molly Brazen!*—[*She kiſſes him.*]—That's well done. I love a free-hearted wench: thou haſt the moſt agreeable aſſurance, girl, and art as willing as a turtle.——But hark! I hear muſic. The *Harper* is at the door. *If muſic be the food of love, play on.* Ere you ſeat yourſelves, ladies, what think

you of a dance? Come in—[*Enter* Harper.]—Play the *French* tune, that Mrs. *Slammerkin* was ſo fond of.

[*A dance* a la Ronde *in the* French *manner; near the end of it is this ſong and chorus.*

AIR XXII. Cotillon.

Youth's the ſeaſon made for joys,
Love is then our duty;
She alone who that employs,
Well deſerves her beauty.
Let's be gay
While we may,
Beauty's a flower deſpis'd in decay.
Chorus. *Youth's the ſeaſon, &c.*
Let us drink and ſport to-day,
Our's is not to-morrow.
Love with youth flies ſwift away,
Age is nought but ſorrow.
Dance and ſing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of ſpring.
Chorus. *Let us drink, &c.*

Mach. Now, pray, ladies, take your places. Here, fellow.—[*Pays the* Harper.]—Bid the drawer bring us more wine.—[*Exit* Harper.]—If any of the ladies chuſe gin, I hope they will be ſo free to call for it.

Jenny. You look as if you meant me. Wine is ſtrong enough for me. Indeed, Sir, I never drink ſtrong waters, but when I have the cholic.

Mach. Juſt the excuſe of the fine ladies! Why, a lady of quality is never without the cholic.———I hope, Mrs. *Coaxer*, you have had good ſucceſs of late in your viſits among the mercers.

Coax. We have ſo many interlopers——Yet with induſtry, one may ſtill have a little picking. I carried a ſilver-flowered luſtring and a piece of black padeſoy to Mr. *Peachum*'s lock laſt week.

Vix. There's *Molly Brazen*, hath the ogle of a rattle-ſnake. She rivetted a linen-draper's eyes ſo faſt upon her,

her, that he was nick'd of three pieces of cambrick before he could look off.

Braz. O dear madam!—But ſure nothing can come up to your handling of laces! Then you have ſuch a ſweet deluding tongue! To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman muſt have fine parts indeed, who cheats a woman!

Vix. Lace, madam, lies in a ſmall compaſs, and is of eaſy conveyance. But you are apt, madam, to think too well of your friends.

Coax. If any woman hath more art than another, to be ſure 'tis *Jenny Diver*. Though her fellow be never ſo agreeable, ſhe can pick his pocket as coolly, as if money were her only pleaſure. Now that is a command of the paſſions uncommon in a woman.

Jenny. I never go to the tavern with a man, but in the view of buſineſs. I have other hours, and other ſort of men for my pleaſure. But had I your addreſs, madam—

Mach. Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about. You are not ſo fond of me, *Jenny*, as you uſed to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, ſir, to ſhew my fondneſs before ſo many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determin you.

AIR XXIII. 'All in a miſty morning.'

Before the barn-door crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while ſuſpended:
Then one he ſingles from the crews,
And cheers the happy hen;
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again.

Mach. Ah, *Jenny!* thou art a dear ſlut.

Trull. Pray, madam, were you ever in keeping?

Tawd. I hope, madam, I han't been ſo long upon the town, but I have met with ſome good fortune as well as my neighbours.

Trull. Pardon me, madam, I meant no harm by the queſtion; 'twas only in the way of converſation.

Tawd. Indeed, madam, if I had not been a fool, I might have lived very handſomely with my laſt friend. But upon his miſſing five guineas, he turned me off. Now I never ſuſpected he had counted them.

Slam. Who do you look upon, madam, as your beſt ſort of keeper?

Trull. That, madam, is thereafter as they be.

Slam. I, madam, was once kept by a Jew; and bating their religion, to women they are a good ſort of people.

Tawd. Now for my part, I own I like an old fellow; for we always make them pay for what they can't do.

Vix. A ſpruce 'prentice, let me tell you, ladies, is no ill thing, they bleed freely. I have ſent at leaſt two or three dozen of them, in my time, to the plantations.

Jenny. But to be ſure, ſir, with ſo much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you muſt be grown immenſely rich.

Mach. The road, indeed, hath done me juſtice, but the gaming-table hath been my ruin.

AIR XXIV. 'When once I lay with another man's wife, &c.'

Jenny. *The gameſters and lawyers are jugglers alike,*
If they meddle, your all is in danger;
Like gipſies, if once they can finger a ſouſe,
You pockets they pick, and they pilfer your houſe,
And give your eſtate to a ſtranger.

A man of courage ſhould never put any thing to the riſque but his life. Theſe are the tools of a man of honour. Cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends.

[*She takes up his piſtols*, Tawdry *takes up the other.*

Tawd. This, ſir, is fitter for your hand. Beſides your loſs of money, 'tis a loſs to the ladies. Gaming takes you off from women. How fond could I be of you! but before company 'tis ill bred.

Mach. Wanton huſſies!

Jenny. I muſt and will have a kiſs to give my wine a reliſh.

[*They take him round the neck, and make ſigns to* Peachum *and* Conſtables, *who ruſh in upon him.*

Enter

Enter to them Peachum *and* Conſtables.

Peach. I ſeize you, ſir, as my priſoner.

Mach. Was this well done, *Jenny?*——Women are decoy ducks; who can truſt them! Beaſts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies, whores!

Peach. Your caſe, Mr. *Macheath*, is not particular. The greateſt heroes have been ruined by women. But, to do them juſtice, I muſt own they are a pretty ſort of creatures, if we could truſt them. You muſt now, ſir, take your leave of the ladies, and if they have a mind to make you a viſit, they will be ſure to find you at home. The gentleman, ladies, lodges in *Newgate*. Conſtables, wait upon the captain to his lodgings.

AIR XXV. 'When firſt I laid ſiege to my *Chloris*.'

Mach. *At the tree I ſhall ſuffer with pleaſure,*
At the tree I ſhall ſuffer with pleaſure,
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I ſhall find no ſuch furies as theſe are.

Peach. Ladies, I'll take care the reckoning ſhall be diſcharg'd. [*Exit* Macheath, *guarded with* Peachum *and* Conſtables; *the women remain.*

Vix. Look ye, Mrs. *Jenny*, though Mr. *Peachum* may have made a private bargain with you and *Sukey Tawdry*, for betraying the captain, as we were all aſſiſting, we ought to go ſhare alike.

Coax. I think Mr. *Peachum*, after ſo long an acquaintance, might have truſted me as well as *Jenny Diver*.

Slam. I am ſure at leaſt three men of his hanging, and in a year's time too, (if he did me juſtice) ſhould be ſet down to my account.

Trull. Mrs. *Slammerkin*, that is not fair; for you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

Jenny. As far as a bowl of punch, or a treat, I believe Mrs. *Sukey* will join with me.——As for any thing elſe, ladies, you cannot in conſcience expect it.

Slam. Dear madam———

Trull. I would not for the world———

Slam. 'Tis impoſſible for me———

Trull. As I hope to be ſaved, madam———

Slam.

Sam. Then I muſt ſtay here all night———

Trull. Since you command me———

[*Exeunt with great ceremony.*

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Lockit, Turnkeys, Macheath, *and* Conſtables.

Lock. Noble captain, you are welcome. You have not been a lodger of mine this year and half. You know the cuſtom, ſir; garniſh, captain, garniſh. Hand me down thoſe fetters there.

Mach. Thoſe, Mr. *Lockit*, ſeem to be the heavieſt of the whole ſet. With your leave, I ſhould like the further pair better.

Lock. Look ye, captain, we know what is fitteſt for our priſoners. When a gentleman uſes me with civility, I always do the beſt I can to pleaſe him.—Hand them down, I ſay——We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every gentleman ſhould pleaſe himſelf.

Mach. I underſtand you, ſir.—[*Gives Money.*]—The fees here are ſo many and ſo exorbitant; that few fortunes can bear the expence of getting off handſomely, or dying like a gentleman.

Lock. Thoſe, I ſee, will fit the captain better——— Take down the farther pair.—Do but examine them, ſir, ——Never was better work.—How genteelly they are made!——They will ſit as eaſy as a glove, and the niceſt man in *England* might not be aſhamed to wear them.—[*He puts on the chains.*]—If I had the beſt gentleman in the land in my cuſtody, I could not equip him more handſomely. And ſo, ſir,—I now leave you to your private meditations.

[*Exeunt* Lockit, Turnkeys, *and* Conſtables.

AIR XXVI. 'Courtiers, courtiers, think it no harm.'

Mach. *Man may eſcape from rope and gun:*
Nay, ſome have out-liv'd the doctor's pill:
Who takes woman muſt be undone,
That baſiliſk is ſure to kill.
The fly that ſips treacle is loſt in the ſweets,
So he that taſtes woman, woman, woman,
He that taſtes woman, ruin meets.

To what a woeful plight have I brought myſelf! Here muſt I (all day long, 'till I am hang'd) be confined to hear the reproaches of a wench, who lays her ruin at my door.—I am in the cuſtody of her father, and to be ſure, if he knows of the matter, I ſhall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution.——But I promiſed the wench marriage——What ſignifies a promiſe to a woman? Does not a man in marriage itſelf promiſe a hundred things he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us; for they look upon a promiſe as an excuſe for following their own inclinations—But here comes *Lucy*, and I cannot get from her——would I were deaf.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. You baſe man, you—how can you ever look me in the face, after what hath paſt between us?—See here, perfidious wretch, how I am forc'd to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me——O *Macheath!* thou haſt robb'd me of my quiet—to ſee thee tortur'd would give me pleaſure.

AIR XXVII. 'A lovely laſs to a friar came.'

Thus when a good houſewife ſees a rat,
In the trap in the morning taken,
With pleaſure her heart goes pit-a-pat,
In revenge for the loſs of bacon.
Then ſhe throws him
To the dog or cat,
To be worried, cruſh'd, and ſhaken.

Mach. Have you no bowels, no tenderneſs, my dear *Lucy*, to ſee a huſband in theſe circumſtances?

Lucy. A huſband!

Mach. In every reſpect but the form, and that, my dear, may be ſaid over at any time.—Friends ſhould not inſiſt upon ceremonies. For a man of honour, his word is as good as his bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the pleaſure of all you fine men to inſult the women you have ruin'd.

AIR XXVIII. 'Twas when the ſeas were roaring.'

How cruel are the traitors
Who lie and ſwear in jeſt,
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and reſt! Wh-

Whoever ſteals a ſhilling,
Thro' ſhame the guilt conceals:
In love the perjur'd villain
With boaſt the theft reveals.

Mach. The very firſt opportunity, my dear, have but patience) you ſhall be my wife in what manner you pleaſe.

Lucy. Inſinuating monſter! And ſo you think I know nothing of the affair of Miſs *Polly Peachum*——I could tear thy eyes out.

Mach. Sure, *Lucy*, you can't be ſuch a fool as to be jealous of *Polly!*

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you brute, you?

Mach. Married! Very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the houſe, I chat with the girl, I kiſs her, I ſay a thouſand things to her (as all gentlemen do) that mean nothing but to divert myſelf; and now the ſilly jade hath ſet it about that I am married to her, to let me know what ſhe would be at. Indeed, my dear *Lucy*, theſe violent paſſions may be of ill conſequence to a woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, captain, for all your aſſurance, you know that miſs *Polly* hath put it out of your power to do me the juſtice you promis'd me.

Mach. A jealous woman believes every thing her paſſion ſuggeſts. To convince you of my ſincerity, if we can find the ordinary, I ſhall have no ſcruple of making you my wife; and I know the conſequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hang'd, and ſo get rid of them both.

Mach. I am ready, my dear *Lucy*, to give you ſatisfaction——if you think there is any in marriage.——What can a man of honour do more?

Lucy. So then it ſeems you are not married to miſs *Polly?*

Mach. You know, *Lucy*, the girl is prodigiouſly conceited. No man can ſay a civil thing to her, but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR

AIR XXIX. 'The ſun had loos'd his weary teams.'

The firſt time at the looking-glaſs
The mother ſets her daughter,
The image ſtrikes the ſmiling laſs
With ſelf-love ever after.
Each time ſhe looks, ſhe's fonder grown,
Thinks every charm grown ſtronger;
But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own
Can ſee you are not younger.

When women conſider their beauties, they are all alike unreaſonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers ſhould like them as long as they like themſelves.

Lucy. Yonder is my father——perhaps this way we may light upon the ordinary, who ſhall try if you will be as good as your word——for I long to be made an honeſt woman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Peachum *and* Lockit, *with an account book.*

Lock. In this laſt affair, brother *Peachum*, we are agreed. You have conſented to go halves in *Macheath?*

Peach. We ſhall never fall out about an execution. But as to that article, pray how ſtands our laſt year's account?

Lock. If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly ſtated.

Peach. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us! Can it be expected that we ſhould hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly ſave theirs without being paid for it? Unleſs the people in employment pay better, I promiſe them for the future, I ſhall let other rogues live beſides their own.

Lock. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid theſe matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profeſſions were not reputable.

Peach. In one reſpect, indeed, our employment may be reckoned diſhoneſt; like great ſtateſmen, we encourage thoſe who betray their friends.

Lock. Such language, brother, any where elſe, might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR

AIR XXX. 'How happy are we, &c.'

When you cenſure the age,
Be cautious and ſage,
Leſt the courtier offended ſhould be:
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis ſo pat to all the tribe,
Each cries—That was levell'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor *Ned Clinther*'s name, I ſee. Sure, brother *Lockit*, there was a little unfair proceeding in *Ned*'s caſe; for he told me in the condemn'd hold, that, for value receiv'd, you had promiſed him a ſeſſion or two longer without moleſtation.

Lock. Mr. *Peachum*,—this is the firſt time my honour was ever called in queſtion.

Peach. Buſineſs is at an end———if once we act diſhonourably.

Lock. Who accuſes me?

Peach. You are warm brother.

Lock. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood.—And this uſage—ſir—is not to be borne.

Peach. Since you provoke me to ſpeak—I muſt tell you too, that Mrs. *Coaxer* charges you with defrauding her of her information money, for the apprehending of curl-pated *Hugh*. Indeed, indeed, brother, we muſt punctually pay our ſpies, or we ſhall have no information.

Lock. Is this language to me, ſirrah—who have ſav'd you from the gallows, ſirrah! [*Collering each other.*

Peach. If I am hang'd, it ſhall be for ridding the world of an arrant raſcal.

Lock. This hand ſhall do the office of the halter you deſerve, and throttle you—you dog!———

Peach. Brother, brother—we are both in the wrong—we ſhall both be loſers in the diſpute—for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You ſhould not be ſo paſſionate.

Lock. Nor you ſo provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual intereſt; 'tis for the intereſt of the world we ſhould agree. If I ſaid any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I aſk pardon.

Lock. Brother *Peachum*—I can forgive as well as reſent. Give me your hand. Suſpicion does not become a friend.

Peach.

Peach. I only meant to give you occaſion to juſtify yourſelf: but I muſt ſtep home, for I expect the gentleman about this ſnuff-box, that *Filch* nimm'd two nights ago in the *Park.* I appointed him at this hour. [*Exit.*

Enter LUCY.

Lock. Whence come you, huſſy?

Lucy. My tears might anſwer that queſtion.

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling, like a ſpanniel, over that fellow that hath abus'd you.

Lucy. One can't help love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you, and hate him.

Lock. Learn to bear your huſband's death like a reaſonable woman. 'Tis not the faſhion, now-a-days, ſo much as to affect ſorrow upon theſe occaſions. No woman would ever marry, if ſhe had not the chance of mortality for a releaſe. Act like a woman of ſpirit, huſſy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR XXXI. 'Of noble race was *Shenkin.*'

Lucy. *Is then his fate decreed, ſir,*
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When firſt we met, ſo moves me yet,
O ſee how my heart is ſplitting!

Lock. Look ye, *Lucy*—there is no ſaving him——So, I think, you muſt e'en do like other widows—buy yourſelf weeds, and be chearful,

AIR XXXII.

You'll think, ere many days enſue,
This ſentence not ſevere;
I hang your huſband, child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good wife, go moan over your dying huſband.—That, child, is your duty—conſider, girl, you can't have the man and the money too—ſo make yourſelf as eaſy as you can by getting all you can from him. [*Exit.*

Enter MACHEATH.

Lucy. Though the ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear, you will, upon the firſt opportunity, quiet my ſcruples—Oh ſir!—my father's hard heart is not to be ſoften'd, and I am in the utmoſt deſpair.

Mach. But if I could raiſe a ſmall ſum—would not

twenty guineas, think you, move him?—Of all the arguments in the way of buſineſs, the perquiſite is the moſt prevailing—Your father's perquiſites for the eſcape of priſoners muſt amount to a conſiderable ſum in the year. Money well tim'd, and properly applied, will do any thing.

AIR XXXIII. 'London ladies.'

If you at an office ſolicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected;
You muſt quicken the clerk with the perquiſite too,
To do what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has the palpable failing;
The perquiſite ſoftens her into conſent,
That reaſon with all is prevailing.

Lucy. What love or money can do, ſhall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your ſafety.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. Where is my dear huſband?—Was a rope ever intended for this neck!—O let me throw my arms about it, and throttle thee with love!—Why doſt thou turn away from me?—'Tis thy *Polly*—'tis thy wife.

Mach. Was ever ſuch an unfortunate raſcal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever ſuch another villain!

Polly. O *Macheath!* Was it for this we parted? Taken! Impriſon'd! Try'd! Hang'd—Cruel reflection! I'll ſtay with thee 'till death—no force ſhall tear thy dear wife from thee now.—What means my love? Not one kind word! Not one kind look! Think what thy *Polly* ſuffers to ſee thee in this condition.

AIR XXXIV. 'All in the *Downs*, &c.'

Thus when the ſwallow ſeeking prey,
Within the ſaſh is cloſely pent,
His conſort with bemoaning lay,
Without ſits pining for th' event,
Her chatt'ring lovers all around her ſkim;
She heeds them not (poor bird) her ſoul's with him.

Mach. I muſt diſown her.—[*Aſide.*]—The wench is diſtracted.

Lucy. Am I then bilk'd of my virtue? Can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! O villain! villain!

Polly.

Polly. Am I not your wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy averſion to me, too ſeverely proves it.—Look on me.—Tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous huſband!

Lucy. Hadſt thou been hang'd five months ago, I had been happy.

Polly. And I too—If you had been kind to me till death, it would not have vex'd me—And that's no very unreaſonable requeſt (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above ſeven or eight days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? Haſt thou two wives, monſter?

Mach. If women's tongues can ceaſe for an anſwer—hear me.

Lucy. I won't—Fleſh and blood can't bear my uſage.

Polly. Shall I not claim my own? Juſtice bids me ſpeak.

AIR XXXV. 'Have you heard of a frolickſome ditty.'

Mach. *How happy could I be with either,*
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while you thus teaze me together,
To neither a word will I ſay;
But tol de roll, &c.

Polly. Sure, my dear, there ought to be ſome preference ſhewn to a wife! At leaſt, ſhe may claim the appearance of it. He muſt be diſtracted with misfortunes, or he could not uſe me thus!

Lucy. O villain, villain! thou haſt deceiv'd me—I could even inform againſt thee with pleaſure. Not a prude wiſhes more hearty to have facts againſt her intimate acquaintance, than I now wiſh to have facts againſt thee. I would have her ſatisfaction, and they ſhould all out.

AIR XXXVI. 'Iriſh Trot.'

Polly. *I'm bubbl'd.*
Lucy. – – – – – *I'm bubbl'd.*
Polly. *O how I am troubl'd!*
Lucy. *Bamboozeled and bit.*
Polly. – – – – – – – *My diſtreſſes are doubl'd.*
Lucy. *When you come to the tree, ſhould the hangman refuſe,*
Theſe fingers with pleaſure could faſten the nooſe.
Polly. *I'm bubbl'd,* &c.

Mach. Be pacified, my dear *Lucy*—This is all a ſetch of *Polly*'s to make me deſperate with you in caſe I got off.—If I'm hang'd, ſhe would fain have the credit of being thought my widow—Really, *Polly*, this is no time for a diſpute of this ſort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

Polly. And haſt thou a heart to perſiſt in diſowning me?

Mach. And haſt thou the heart to perſiſt in perſuading me that I am married? Why, *Polly*, doſt thou ſeek to aggravate my misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, Miſs *Peachum*, you but expoſe yourſelf. Beſides, 'tis barbarous in you, to worry a gentleman in his circumſtances.

AIR XXXVII.

Polly. *Ceaſe your funning;*
Force or cunning
Never ſhall my heart trepan.
All theſe ſallies,
Are but malice,
To ſeduce my conſtant man.
'Tis moſt certain,
By their flirting,
Women oft have envy ſhown:
Pleas'd to ruin,
Others wooing;
Never happy in their own!

Polly. Decency, madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourſelf with ſome reſerve with the huſband, while his wife is preſent.

Mach. But ſeriouſly, *Polly*, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determin'd, madam, to raiſe a diſturbance in the priſon, I ſhall be oblig'd to ſend for the turnkey to ſhew you the door. I am ſorry, madam, you force me to be ſo ill-bred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, madam, theſe forward airs do not become you in the leaſt, madam. And my duty madam, obliges me to ſtay with my huſband, madam.

AIR

AIR. XXXVIII. 'Good-morrow, goſſip *Joan*.'

Lucy. *Why how now, madam* Flirt?
If you thus muſt chatter,
And are for throwing dirt,
Lets ſee who beſt can ſpatter;
Madam Flirt!

Polly. *Why how now, ſaucy jade?*
Sure the wench is tipſy!
How can you ſee me made [To him.
The ſcoff of ſuch a gypſy?
Saucy jade! [To her.

Enter PEACHUM.

Peach. Where's my wench? Ah huſſy! huſſy!—Come you home, you ſlut; and when your fellow is hang'd hang yourſelf, to make your family ſome amends.

Polly. Dear, dear father, do not tear me from him—I muſt ſpeak; I have more to ſay to him—Oh! twiſt thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure all women are alike! If ever they commit one folly, they are ſure to commit another by expoſing themſelves—Away—not a word more—You are my priſoner now, huſſy.

AIR XXXIX. 'Iriſh Howl.'

Polly. *No power on earth can e'er divide*
The knot that ſacred love hath ty'd.
When parents draw againſt our mind,
The true lover's knot they faſter bind.
Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah—*oh, oh, &c.*
[*Exeunt* Peachum *and* Polly.

Mach. I am naturally compaſſionate, wife; ſo that I could not uſe the wench as ſhe deſerv'd; which made you at firſt ſuſpect there was ſomething in what ſhe ſaid.

Lucy. Indeed, my dear, I was ſtrangely puzzled.

Mach. If that had been the caſe, her father would never have brought me into this circumſtance—No, *Lucy*,—I had rather die than be falſe to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I, if you ſay this from your heart! For I love thee ſo, that I could ſooner bear to ſee thee hang'd than in the arms of another.

Mach. But could you bear to ſee me hang'd?

Lucy. O *Macheath*, I can never live to ſee that day.

Mach. You ſee, *Lucy*, in the account of love you are in my debt; and you muſt now be convinced, that I had rather chuſe to die than be another's.—Make me, if poſſible, love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee—If you refuſe to aſſiſt me, *Peachum* and your father will ſoon put me beyond all means of eſcape.

Lucy. My father, I know hath been drinking hard with the priſoners: and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room—If I can procure the keys, ſhall I go off with thee, my dear?

Mach. If we are together, t'will be impoſſible to lie conceal'd. As ſoon as the ſearch begins to be a little cool, I will ſend to thee—'Till then, my heart is thy priſoner.

Lucy. Come, then, my dear huſband—owe thy life to me—and though you love me not—be grateful—But that *Polly* runs in my head ſtrangely.

Mach. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR XL. 'The Laſs of *Patie*'s Mill.'

Lucy. *I like the fox ſhall grieve,*
Whoſe mate hath lift her ſide,
When hounds, from morn to eve,
Chace o'er the country wide.
Where can my lover hide!
Where cheat the wary pack?
If love be not his guide;
He never will come back.

ACT III.

SCENE, *Newgate.*

LOCKIT.

TO be ſure, wench, you muſt have been aiding and abetting to help him to his eſcape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been *Peachum* and his daughter *Polly*, and to be ſure, they know the ways of *Newgate* as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why muſt all your ſuſpicion light upon me.

Lock. Lucy, Lucy, I will have none of theſe ſhuffling anſwers.

Lucy. Well then—If I know any thing of him, I wiſh I may be burnt!

Lock. Keep your temper, *Lucy,* or I ſhall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep your's, ſir,—I do wiſh I may be burnt. I do.—And what can I ſay more to convince you?

Lock. Did he tip handſomely?—How much did he come down with? Come, huſſy, don't cheat your father; and I ſhall not be angry with you—Perhaps, you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done. ——How much, my good girl?

Lucy. You know, ſir, I am fond of him, and would have given more money to have kept him with me.

Lock. Ah, *Lucy!* thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard; for a girl in the bar of an ale-houſe is always beſieg'd.

Lucy. Dear ſir, mention not my education——for 'twas to that I owe my ruin.

AIR XLI. 'If love's a ſweet paſſion, &c.'

When young at the bar you firſt taught me to ſcore,
And bid me be free of my lips, and no more;
I was kiſs'd by the parſon, the 'ſquire and the ſot;
When the gueſt was departed, the kiſs was forgot.
But his kiſs was ſo ſweet, and ſo cloſely he preſt,
That I languiſh'd and pin'd till I granted the reſt.

If you can forgive me, ſir, I will make a fair confeſſion; for to be ſure, he hath been a moſt barbarous villain to me.

Lock. And ſo you have let him eſcape, huſſy,——have you?

Lucy. When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word can perſuade her to any thing—and I could aſk no other bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar ſlut, *Lucy*—If you would not be look'd upon as a fool, you ſhould never do any thing but upon the foot of intereſt. Thoſe that act otherwiſe are their own bubbles.

Lucy. But love, ſir, is a misfortune that may happen to the

the moſt diſcreet woman; and in love we are all fools alike.——Notwithſtanding all he ſwore, I am now fully convinc'd thar *Polly Peachum* is actually his wife.—Did I let him eſcape (fool that I was!) to go to her?—*Polly* will wheedle herſelf into his money, and then *Peachum* will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruin'd, becauſe, forſooth, you muſt be in love?—a pretty excuſe!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent happy ſtrumpet: —I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the ſweets of it.—Ungrateful *Macheath!*

AIR XLII. 'South Sea ballad.'

My love is all madneſs and folly,
Alone I lye,
Toſs, tumble, and cry,
What a happy creature is Polly!
Was e'er ſuch a wretch as I!
With rage I redden like ſcarlet,
That my dear inconſtant varlet,
Stark blind to my charms,
Is loſt in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
Stark blind to my charms,
Is loſt in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
This, this my reſentment alarms.

Lock. And ſo, after all this miſchief, I muſt ſtay here to be entertain'd with your caterwauling, miſtreſs puſs! —Out of my ſight, wanton ſtrumpet, you ſhould faſt and mortify yourſelf into reaſon, with now and then a little handſome diſcipline to bring you to your ſenſes.—Go. —[*Exit* Lucy.]—*Peachum* then intends to outwit me in this affair; but I'll be even with him.—The dog is leaky in his liquor, ſo I'll try him that way, get the ſecret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.—— Lions, wolves, and vultures, don't live together in herds, droves, or flocks.—Of all animals of prey, man is the only ſocial one. Every one of us preys upon his neighbour, and yet we herd together.—*Peachum* is my companion, my friend.—According to the cuſtom of the world, indeed,

deed he may quote thouſands of precedents for cheating me—And ſhall I not make uſe of the privilege of friendſhip to make him a return?

AIR XLIII. 'Packington's Pound.'

Thus gameſters united in friendſhip are found,
Though they know that their induſtry all is a cheat;
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's ſound,
And join to promote one another's deceit.
But if by miſhap
They fail of a chap,
To keep in theis hands, they each other entrap;
Like pikes, lank with hunger, who miſs of their ends,
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

Now, *Peachum*, you and I, like honeſt tradeſmen, are to have a fair trial, which of us two can over-reach the other, *Lucy!*—[*Enter* Lucy.]—Are there any of *Peachum's* people now in the houſe?

Lucy. Filch, ſir, is drinking a quartern of ſtrong waters in the next room with black *Moll.*

Lock. Bid him come in. [*Exit* Lucy.

Enter FILCH.

Why, boy, thou look'ſt as if thou wert half ſtarved, like a ſhotten herring.

Filch. One had need have the conſtitution of a horſe to go through the buſineſs.—Since the favorite child-getter was diſabled by a miſhap, I have pick'd up a little money by helping the ladies to a pregnancy againſt their being call'd down to ſentence.—But if a man cannot get an honeſt livelihood in an eaſier way, I am ſure, 'tis what I cannot undertake for another ſeſſion.

Lock. Truly, if that great man ſhould tip off, 'twould be an irreparable loſs. The vigour and proweſs of a knight-errant never ſaved half the ladies in diſtreſs that he hath done.——But, boy, can'ſt thou tell me where thy maſter is to be found?

Filch. At his lock,* ſir, at the *Crooked Billet.*

Lock. Very well—I have nothing more with you.—[*Exit* Filch.]—I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to ſettle with him; and in the way of

* A cant word, ſignifying a warehouſe where ſtolen goods are depoſited.

thoſe tranſactions, I'll artfully get into his ſecret.——So that *Macheath* ſhall not remain a day longer out of my clutches. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a Gaming-Houſe.*

MACHEATH *in a fine tarniſh'd coat,* BEN BUDGE, *and* MATT o'the MINT.

Mach. I am ſorry, gentlemen, the road was ſo barren of money. When my friends are in difficulties, I am always glad that my fortune can be of ſervice to them, —[*Gives them money.*]—You ſee, gentlemen, I am not a mere court friend, who profeſſes every thing and will do nothing.

AIR XLIV. 'Lillibulero.'

The modes of the court ſo common are grown,
That a true friend is hard to be met;
Friendſhip for intereſt is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true, you find
Some friends ſo kind,
Who will give you good counſel themſelves to defend:
In ſorrowful ditty,
They promiſe, they pity,
But ſhift you for money from friend to friend.

But we, gentlemen, have ſtill honour enough to break through the corruption of the world.—And while I can ſerve you, you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my heart that ſo generous a man ſhould be involved in ſuch difficulties, as oblige him to live with ſuch ill company, and herd with gameſters.

Matt. See the partiality of mankind!—One man may ſteal a horſe, better than another look over a hedge.——Of all mechanics, of all ſervile handicrafts-men, a gameſter is the vileſt. But yet, as many of the quality are of the profeſſion, he is admitted amonſt the politeſt company. I wonder we are not more reſpected.

Mach. There will be deep play to-night at *Marybone*, and conſequently money may be picked up upon the road. Meet

Meet me there, and I'll give you the hint who is worth ſetting.

Matt. The fellow with a brown coat with a narrow gold binding, I am told is never without money.

Mach. What do you mean, *Matt?*—Sure you will not think of meddling with him!—He's a good honeſt kind of a fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be ſure, ſir, we will put ourſelves under your direction.

Mach. Have an eye upon the money-lenders.—A rouleau, or two, would prove a pretty ſort of an expedition. I hate extortion.

Matt. Thoſe rouleaus are very pretty things.—I hate your bank bills—there is ſuch a hazard in putting them off.

Mach. There is a certain man of diſtinction, who in his time hath nick'd me out of a good deal of the ready. He is in my caſh, *Ben;* I'll point him out to you this evening, and you ſhall draw upon him for the debt.—The company are met; I hear the dice-box in the other room. So, gentlemen, your ſervant. You'll meet me at *Marybone.*

SCENE, *Peachum's Lock.*

A table with wine, brandy, pipes, and tobacco.

PEACHUM, LOCKIT.

Lock. The coronation account, brother *Peachum,* is of ſo intricate a nature, that I believe it will never be ſettled.

Peach. It conſiſts, indeed, of a great variety of articles. It was worth to our people, in fees of different kinds, above ten inſtalments. This is part of the account, brother, that lies open before us.

Lock. A lady's tail of rich brocade—that, I ſee, is diſpoſed of.

Peach. To Mrs. *Diana Trapes,* the tally-woman, and ſhe will make a good hand on't in ſhoes and ſlippers, to trick out young ladies, upon their going into keeping.

Lock. But I don't ſee any article of the jewels.

Peach. Thoſe are ſo well known, that they muſt be ſent abroad—you'll find them entered under the article of exportation. As for the ſnuff-boxes, watches, ſwords, &c. I thought it beſt to enter them under their ſeveral heads.

Lock.

Lock. Seven and twenty women's pockets complete; with the ſeveral things therein contained; all ſealed, number'd, and enter'd.

Peach. But, brother, it is impoſſible for us now to enter upon the affair. We ſhould have the whole day before us. Beſides, the account of the laſt half year's plate is in a book by itſelf, which lies at the other office.

Lock. Bring us then more liquor. To-day ſhall be for pleaſure——to-morrow for buſineſs. Ah, brother, thoſe daughters of ours are two ſlippery huſſies—keep a watchful eye upon *Polly*, and *Macheath* in a day or two ſhall be our own again.

AIR XLV. 'Down in the *North Country*.'

Lock. *What gudgeons are we men!*
Ev'ry woman's eaſy prey:
Tho' we have felt the hook, again
We bite and they betray.
The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies, again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate.

Peach. But what ſignifies catching the bird, if your daughter *Lucy* will ſet open the door of the cage?

Lock. If men were anſwerable for the follies and frailties of their wives and daughters, no friends could keep a good correſpondence together for two days.——This is unkind of you, brother; for among good friends, what they ſay or do goes for nothing.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here's Mrs. *Diana Trapes* wants to ſpeak with you.

Peach. Shall we admit her, brother *Lockit?*

Lock. By all means—ſhe's a good cuſtomer, and a fine-ſpoken woman—and a woman who drinks and talks ſo freely will enliven the converſation.

Peach. Deſire her to walk in. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Mrs. TRAPES.

Peach. Dear Mrs. *Dye*, your ſervant—we may know by your kiſs, that your gin is excellent.

Trapes. I was always very curious in my liquor.

Lock. There is no perfumed breath like it—I have been long acquainted with the flavour of thoſe lips——han't I, Mrs. *Dye?*

Trapes. Fill it up. I take as large draughts of liquor as I did of love. I hate a flincher at either.

AIR XLVI. 'A ſhepherd kept ſheep, &c.'

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, fa, la, &c.
Like a ſparrow at all times was ready for love, fa, la, &c.
The life of all mortals in kiſſing ſhould paſs,
Lip to lip while we're young, then the lip to the glaſs, fa, la, &c.

But now, Mr. *Peachum,* to our buſineſs. If you have blacks of any kind, brought in of late; mantuas—velvet ſcarfs—petticoats—let it be what it will—I am your chap—for all my ladies are very fond of mourning.

Peach. Why, look ye, Mrs. *Dye,*—you deal ſo hard with us, that we can afford to give the gentlemen, who venture their lives for the goods, little or nothing.

Trapes. The hard times oblige me to go very near in my dealing. To be ſure, of late years I have been a great ſufferer by the parliament. Three thouſand pounds would hardly make me amends. The act for deſtroying the *Mint* was a ſevere cut upon our buſineſs—till then, if a cuſtomer ſtept out of the way—we knew where to have her—no doubt you know Mrs. *Coaxer*—there's a wench now (till to-day) with a good ſuit of clothes of mine upon her back, and I could never ſet eyes upon her for three months together. Since the act too againſt impriſonment for ſmall ſums, my loſs there too has been very conſiderable; and it muſt be ſo, when a lady can borrow a handſome petticoat, or a clean gown, and I not have the leaſt hank upon her! and o' my conſcience, now-a-days, moſt ladies take a delight in cheating, when they can do it with ſafety.

Peach. Madam, you had a handſome gold watch of us t'other day for ſeven guineas. Conſidering we muſt have our profit—to a gentleman upon the road, a gold watch will be ſcarce worth the taking.

Trapes. Conſider, Mr. *Peachum,* that watch was remarkable, and not of very ſafe ſale. If you have any black velvet ſcarfs——they are handſome winter wear, and take with moſt gentlemen who deal with my cuſtomers. 'Tis I that put the ladies upon a good foot.

'Tis not youth or beauty that fixes their price. The gentlemen always pay according to their dreſs, from half a crown to two guineas, and yet thoſe huſſies make nothing of bilking me. Then too, allowing for accidents, I have eleven fine cuſtomers now down under the ſurgeon's hand—what with fees and other expences, there are great outgoings, and no comings-in, and not a farthing to pay for at leaſt a month's clothing. We run great riſques—great riſques indeed.

Peach. As I remember, you ſaid ſomething juſt now of Mrs. *Coaxer.*

Trapes. Yes, ſir. To be ſure I ſtript her of a ſuit of my own clothes about two hours ago; and have left her as ſhe ſhould be, in her ſhift, with a lover of her's at my houſe. She call'd him upſtairs as he was going to *Marybone* in a hackney coach. And I hope, for her own ſake and mine, ſhe will perſuade the captain to redeem her, for the captain is very generous to the ladies.

Lock. What captain?

Trapes. He thought I did not know him. An intimate acquaintance of yours, Mr. *Peachum*——only captain *Macheath*——as fine as a lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. *Dye*, you ſhall ſet your own price upon any of the goods you like—we have at leaſt half a dozen velvet ſcarfs, and all at your ſervice. Will you give me leave to make you a preſent of this ſuit of night-clothes for your own wearing?——But are you ſure it is captain *Macheath?*

Trapes. Though he thinks I have forgot him, nobody knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the captain's money in my time, at ſecond hand, for he always lov'd to have his ladies well dreſt.

Peach, Mr. *Locket* and I have a little buſineſs with the captain;——you underſtand me——and we will ſatisfy you for Mrs. *Coaxer's* debt.

Lock. Depend upon it——we will deal like men of honour.

Trapes. I don't enquire after your affairs—ſo whatever happens, I waſh my hands on't. It hath always been my maxim, that one friend ſhould help another. But if you pleaſe—I'll take one of the ſcarfs home with me! 'tis always good to have ſomething in hand.

SCENE, *Newgate*

LUCY.

Jealouſy, rage, love, and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces. How I am weather-beaten and ſhatter'd with diſtreſſes!

AIR XLVII. 'One evening, having loſt my way.'

I'm like a ſkift on the ocean toſt,
Now high, now low, on each billow borne,
With her rudder broke, and her anchor loſt,
Deſerted and all forlorn.
While thus I lie rolling and toſſing all night,
That Polly *lies ſporting on ſeas of delight,*
Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appeaſe my reſtleſs ſprite.

I have the ratſbane ready. I run no riſque; for I can lay her death upon the gin, and ſo many die of that naturally, that I ſhall never be call'd in queſtion. But ſay I were to be hang'd—I never could be hang'd for any thing that would give me greater comfort, than the poiſoning that ſlut.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Madam, here's our miſs *Polly* come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Shew her up.

Enter POLLY.

Lucy. Dear madam, your ſervant. I hope you will pardon my paſſion, when I was ſo happy to ſee you laſt. I was ſo over-run with the ſpleen, that I was perfectly out of myſelf. And really, when one hath the ſpleen, every thing is to be excuſed by a friend.

AIR XLVIII. 'Now, *Roger*, I'll tell thee, &c.'

When a wife's in her pout,
(As ſhe's ſometimes no doubt)
The good huſband as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to ſtill,
Firſt grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram.
Poor man! And the quieting draught is a dram.

——I wiſh all our quarrels might have ſo comfortable a reconciliation.

Polly. I have no excuſe for my own behaviour, madam, but my misfortunes. And really, madam, I ſuffer too upon your account.

Lucy. But, miſs *Polly*—In the way of friendſhip, will you give me leave to propoſe a glaſs of cordial to you?

Polly. Strong waters are apt to give me the head-ach—I hope, madam, you will excuſe me.

Lucy. Not the greateſt lady in the land could have better in her cloſet, for her own private drinking. You ſeem mighty low in ſpirits, my dear.

Polly. I am ſorry, madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer. I ſhould not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met laſt, madam, had not my papa haul'd me away ſo unexpectedly. I was indeed, ſomewhat provok'd, and perhaps might uſe ſome expreſſions that were diſreſpectful. But really, madam, the captain treated me with ſo much contempt and cruelty, that I deſerved your pithy, rather than your reſentment.

Lucy. But ſince his eſcape, no doubt all matters are made up again. Ah *Polly! Polly!* 'tis I am the unhappy wife; and he loves you as if you were only his miſtreſs.

Polly. Sure, madam, you cannot think me ſo happy as to be the object of your jealouſy. A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well—ſo that I muſt expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our caſes, my dear *Polly*, are exactly alike. Both of us indeed have been too fond.

AIR XLIX. 'O *Beſſy Bell*, &c.'

Polly. *A curſe attends that woman's love,*
Who always would be pleaſing.
Lucy. *The pertneſs of the billing dove,*
Like tickling, is but teazing.
Polly. *What then in love can woman do?*
Lucy. *If we grow fond they ſhun us.*
Polly. *And when we fly them, they purſue:*
Lucy. *But leave us when they've won us.*

Lucy. Love is ſo very whimſical in both ſexes, that it is impoſſible to be laſting. But my heart is particular, and contradicts my own obſervation.

Polly. But really, miſtreſs *Lucy*, by his laſt behaviour, I think I ought to envy you. When I was forced from him, he did not ſhew the leaſt tenderneſs. But perhaps he hath a heart not capable of it.

AIR L. 'Wou'd fate to me *Belinda* give.'

Among the men, coquets we find,
Who court by turns all woman-kind;
And we grant all their hearts deſir'd,
When they are flatter'd and admir'd.

The coquettes of both ſexes are ſelf-lovers, and that is a love no other whatever can diſpoſſeſs. I fear, my dear *Lucy*, our huſband is one of thoſe.

Lucy. Away with theſe melancholy reflections—indeed, my dear *Polly*, we are both of us a cup too low. Let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer.

AIR LI. 'Come, ſweet laſs.'

Come, ſweet laſs,
Let's baniſh ſorrow,
'Till to-morrow;
Come, ſweet laſs,
Let's take a chirping glaſs.
Wine can clear,
The vapours of deſpair;
And make us light as air;
Then drink and baniſh care.

I can't bear, child, to ſee you in ſuch low ſpirits.—And I muſt perſuade you to what I know will do you good—I ſhall now ſoon be even with the hypocritical ſtrumpet. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

Polly. All this wheedling of *Lucy* cannot be for nothing. At this time too! when I know ſhe hates me!—The diſſembling of a woman is always the forerunner of miſchief. By pouring ſtrong waters down my throat, ſhe thinks to pump ſome ſecrets out of me. I'll be upon my guard, and won't taſte a drop of her liquor, I'm reſoulv'd.

Enter LUCY, *with ſtrong waters.*

Lucy. Come, miſs *Polly*.

Polly. Indeed, child, you have given yourſelf trouble to no purpoſe. You muſt, my dear, excuſe me.

Lucy. Really, miſs *Polly*, you are as ſqueamiſhly affected about taking a cup of ſtrong waters, as a lady before company. I vow, *Polly*, I ſhall take it monſtrouſly ill if you refuſe me. Brandy and men (though women love them never ſo well) are always taken by us with ſome reluctance—unleſs 'tis in private.

Polly. I proteſt, madam, it goes againſt me. What do I ſee! *Macheath* again in cuſtody!—Now every glimmering of happineſs is loſt.

[*Drops the glaſs of liquor upon the ground.*

Lucy. Since things are thus, I'm glad the wench hath eſcap'd; for by this event, 'tis plain, ſhe was not happy enough to deſerve to be poiſon'd.

Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, *and* PEACHUM.

Lock. Set your heart at reſt, captain. You have neither the chance of love or money for another eſcape—for you are order'd to be call'd down on your trial immediately.

Peach. Away, huſſies!—This is not a time for a man to be hamper'd with his wives. You ſee, the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. O huſband, huſband, my heart long'd to ſee thee; but to ſee thee thus diſtracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear huſband look upon his *Polly?* Why hadſt thou not flown to me for protection?—With me thou hadſt been ſafe.

AIR LII. 'The laſt time I went o'er the moor.'

Polly. *Hither, dear huſband, turn your eyes.*
Lucy. *Beſtow one glance to cheer me.*
Polly. *Think with that look, thy* Polly *dies.*
Lucy. *O ſhun me not, but hear me.*
Polly. *'Tis* Polly *ſues.*
Lucy. – – – – – – *'Tis* Lucy *ſpeaks.*
Polly. *Is thus true love requited.*
Lucy. *My heart is burſting.*
Polly. – – – – – – *Mine too breaks.*
Lucy. *Muſt I,*
Polly. – – – – – – *Muſt I be ſlighted?*

Mach. What would you have me ſay, ladies?——You ſee this affair will ſoon be at an end, without my diſobliging either of you. *Peach.*

Peach. But the ſettling this point, captain, might prevent a law-ſuit between your two widows.

AIR LIII. 'Tom Tinker's my true love, &c.'

Mach. *Which way ſhall I turn me—how can I decide;*
Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.
One wife is too much for moſt huſbands to hear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.
This way, and that way, and which way you will,
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would take ill.

Polly. But if his own misfortunes have made him inſenſible to mine—a father, ſure, will be more compaſſionate. Dear, dear ſir, ſink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial—*Polly* upon her knees begs it of you.

AIR LIV. 'I am a poor ſhepherd undone.'

When my hero in court appears,
And ſtands arraign'd for his life,
Then think of poor Polly's *tears;*
For ah! poor Polly's *his wife.*
Like the ſailor he holds up his hand,
Diſtreſt on the daſhing wave,
To die a dry death at land,
Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
Alack, and well-a-day!
Before I was in love,
Oh! ev'ry month was May.

Lucy. If *Peachum*'s heart is harden'd; ſure you, ſir, will have more compaſſion on a daughter——I know the evidence is in your power.——How then can you be a tyrant to me? [*Kneeling.*

AIR LV. 'Ianthe the lovely, &c.'

When he holds up his hand arraign'd for his life,
O think of your daughter, and think I'm his wife!
What are cannons, or bombs, or claſhing of ſwords!
For death is more certain by witneſſes words.
Then nail up their lips, that dread thunder allay!
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.

Lock,

Lock. *Macheath*'s time is came, *Lucy*.——We know our own affairs, therefore let us have no more whimpering or whining.

AIR LVI 'A cobler there was, &c.'

Ourſelves, like the great, to ſecure a retreat,
When matters require it, muſt give up our gang:
And good reaſon why,
Or inſtead of the fry,
Even Peachum *and I,*
Like poor petty raſcals might hang, hang, hang;
Like poor petty raſcals, might hang.

Peach. Set your heart at reſt, *Polly*. Your huſband is to die to-day. Therefore if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you, you ſlut.

Lock. We are ready, ſir, to conduct you to the *Old Bailey*.

AIR LVII. 'Bonny *Dundee*.'

Mach. *The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met;*
The judges all rang'd (a terrible ſhow!)
I go undiſmay'd—for death is a debt,
A debt on demand—ſo, take what I owe.
Then farewel, my love—dear charmer adieu;
Contented I die—'tis the better for you.
Here ends all diſpute the reſt of our lives,
For this way at once I pleaſe all my wives.

Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

[*Exeunt* Peachum, Lockit, *and* Macheath.

Polly. Follow them, *Filch*, to the court. And when the trial is over, bring me a particular account of his behaviour, and of every thing that happen'd. You'll find me here with miſs *Lucy*—[*Exit* Filch.]—But why is all this muſic?

Lucy. The priſoners, whoſe trials are put off till next ſeſſion, are diverting themſelves.

Polly. Sure there is nothing ſo charming as muſic! I am fond of it to diſtraction—But alas—now all mirth ſeems an inſult upon my affliction. Let us retire, my dear *Lucy*, and indulge our ſorrows. The noiſy crew, you ſee, are coming upon us. [*Exeunt.*

A dance of priſoners in chains, &c.

SCENE, *The Condemn'd Hold.*

MACHEATH, *in a melancholy poſture.*

AIR LVIII. 'Happy groves.'

O cruel, cruel, cruel caſe!
Muſt I ſuffer this diſgrace?

AIR LIX. 'Of all the girls that are ſo ſmart.'

Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threatning death looks grimmer,
Not one ſo ſure can bring relief,
As this beſt friend, a brimmer. [Drinks.

AIR LX. '*Britons* ſtrike home.'

Since I muſt ſwing—I ſcorn, I ſcorn to wince or whine.
[Riſes.

AIR LXI. 'Chevy-Chace.'

But now again my ſpirits ſink;
I'll raiſe them high with wine. [Drinks a glaſs of wine.

AIR LXII, 'To old ſir *Simon* the king.'

But valour the ſtronger grows,
The ſtronger the liquor we're drinking.
And how can we feel our woes,
When we've loſt the trouble of thinking?
[Drinks.

AIR LXIII. 'Joy to great *Cæſar.*'

If thus—a man can die
Much bolder with brandy.
[Pours out a bumper of brandy.

AIR LXIV. 'There was an old woman, &c.'

So I drink off this bumper—And now I can ſtand the teſt,
And my comrades ſhall ſee, that I die as brave as the beſt.
[Drinks.

AIR LXV. 'Did you ever hear of a gallant ſailor.'

But can I leave my pretty huſſies,
Without one tear, or tender ſigh?

AIR

AIR LXVI. 'Why are my eyes ſtill flowing.'

Their eyes, their lips, their buſſes,
Recall my love—Ah muſt I die!

AIR LXVII. 'Green ſleeves.'

Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we han't better company
Upon Tyburn *tree!*
But gold from law can take out the ſting;
And if rich men like us were to ſwing,
'Twould thin the land ſuch numbers to ſtring
Upon Tyburn *tree!*

Jailor. Some friends of yours, captain, deſire to be admitted. I leave you together.

Enter BEN BUDGE *and* MATT *o'the* MINT.

Mach. For my having broke priſon, you ſee, gentlemen, I am ordered immediate execution.—The ſheriff's officers I believe, are now at the door.——That *Jenny Twitcher* ſhould impeach me, I own ſurprized me!——'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more truſt one another than other people. Therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, look well to yourſelves, for in all probability, you may live ſome months longer.

Matt. We are heartily ſorry, captain, for your misfortune. But 'tis what we muſt all come to.

Mach. Peachum and *Lockit*, you know are infamous ſcoundrels. Their lives are as much in your power, as yours are in theirs—Remember your dying friend!—'Tis my laſt requeſt.—Bring thoſe villains to the gallows before you, and I am ſatisfied.

Matt. We'll do't.

Jailor. Miſs *Polly* and miſs *Lucy* intreat a word with you.

Mach. Gentlemen, adieu. [*Exeunt* Ben Budge and Matt o'the Mint.

Enter LUCY *and* POLLY.

Mach. My dear *Lucy*—my dear *Polly*—Whatſoever hath paſt between us, is now at an end. If you are fond of marrying again, the beſt advice I can give you, is to ſhip yourſelves off for the *Weſt-Indies*, where you'll have a fair

chance of getting a huſband a-piece; or by good luck, two or three, as you like beſt.

Polly How can I ſupport this ſight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one ſo much as a great man in diſtreſs.

AIR LXVIII. 'All you that muſt take a leap, &c.'

Lucy. *Wou'd I might be hang'd!*
Polly. – – – – – – – – – – – *And I would ſo too.*
Lucy. *To be hang'd with you.*
Polly. – – – – – – – – – – *My dear with you.*
Mach. *O leave me to thought! I fear, I doubt!*
I tremble! I droop!—See my courage is out.
[Turns up the empty bottle.
Polly. *No token of love?*
Mach. – – – – – – – *See my courage is out.*
[Turns up the empty pot.
Lucy. *No token of love?*
Polly. – – – – – – – *Adieu.*
Lucy. – – – – – – – *Farewel.*
Mach. *But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.*
Chorus. *Tol de rol, &c.*

Jailor. Four women more, captain, with a child a-piece! See, here they come. [*Enter women and children.*

Mach. What—four wives more!—This is too much.—Here—tell the ſheriffs officers I am ready. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BEGGAR *and* PLAYER.

Play. But, honeſt friend, I hope you don't intend that *Macheath* ſhall be really executed.

Beg. Moſt certainly, ſir.——To make a piece perfect, I was for doing ſtrict poetical juſtice—*Macheath* is to be hang'd; and for the other perſonages of the drama, the audience muſt have ſuppoſed they were all either hang'd or tranſported.

Play. Why then, friend, this is downright deep tragedy. The cataſtrophe is manifeſtly wrong, for an opera muſt end happily.

Beg. Your objection, ſir, is very juſt; and is eaſily removed: for you muſt allow, that in this kind of drama, 'tis no matter how abſurdly things are brought about—

So—

So—you rabble there—run and cry a *Reprieve*—let the priſoner be brought back to his wives in triumph.

Play. All this we muſt do to comply with the taſte of the town.

Beg. Through the whole piece you may obſerve ſuch a ſimilitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the faſhionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen.—Had the play remained as I at firſt intended, it would have carried a moſt excellent moral; 'twould have ſhown that the lower ſort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich; and that they are puniſh'd for them.

Enter to them MACHEATH *with rabble.*

Mach. So, it ſeems I am not left to my choice, but muſt have a wife at laſt.—Look ye, my dears, we will have no controverſy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am ſure ſhe who thinks herſelf my wife will teſtify her joy by a dance.

All. Come, a dance—a dance.

Mach. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to preſent a partner to each of you. And if I may without offence, for this time, I take *Polly* for mine.—And for life, you ſlut—for we are really married——As for the reſt.—— But at preſent keep your own ſecret. [*To* Polly.

A DANCE.

AIR LXIX. 'Lumps of Pudding, &c.'

Thus I ſtand like a Turk, *with his doxies around;*
From all ſides their glances his paſſion confound;
For black, brown, and fair, his inconſtancy burns,
And the different beauties ſubdue him by turns:
Each calls forth her charms to provoke his deſires:
Tho' willing to all; but with one he retires.
But think of this maxim, and put off all ſorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.

Chorus. *But think of this maxim, &c.*

FINIS.